

The life which thus began in 1593 is bare for us today of those small details which are often the really significant things in a biography. Izaak Walton's portrait gives us not the living man, but the dead saint's memorial; beautiful in its marble tranquillity, but with life's characteristic wrinkles smoothed lovingly away. Still the bare facts of his existence at Westminster, at Cambridge, and at Bemerton are in perfect keeping both with the poetry of Herbert and the spirit of his Church. The Church of England has never been a democratic body; it comes far less of the people than of the University; and Herbert sprang from a race both noble and lettered, as kinsman of that house of Pembroke whose name stands on so many pages of English literature, and as son of her whose autumnal beauty won the praise and the friendship of John Donne. Again, the Church of England, if it has never grasped a temporal power like that of Rome, has

always been re-
luctant to sever itself entirely from the State;
and Herbert,
as Public Orator at Cambridge, the
favourite of James I,
the friend of Bacon, the relative of
Pembroke, the brother
of an Ambassador at Paris, and of a Master
of the Revels,
dreamed for years of worldly eminence
such as several
of his predecessors in his Cambridge office
had actually
attained. In his own charming, but
poignant, cry of
regret: